

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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VOLUME LXXX
JULY-DECEMBER



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CONTENTS V.80

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXX

JULY-DECEMBER, 1926

ALL THE BOATS TO BUILD! (A STORY)	EDWARD SHENTON	PAGE 545
Illustrations by the Author.		
ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. <i>Another Wife</i>		587
ANDROMEDA, A WILFUL	HENRY VAN DYKE	143
ANOTHER WIFE. (A STORY)	SHERWOOD ANDERSON	587
Illustrations by George Van Werveke.		
APPLESAUCE, THE TRIUMPH OF	HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON	353
ARCTIC CIRCLE, THE SOCIAL	MARY LEE DAVIS	66
AS I LIKE IT. (Department)	WILLIAM LYON PHELPS	
(See also other volumes)	97, 224, 337, 445, 561, 689	
AS THE PROFESSOR SEES THE GAME	AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR	355
BACK TO BALLYWOODEN	ARTHUR MASON	657
BATHTUBS, EARLY AMERICANA	FAIRFAX DOWNEY	440
Illustration from a photograph.		
BENT, SILAS. <i>Two Souls at War in General Daves</i>		617
BENTLEY, MAX. <i>My Old Dog Tramp</i>		202
BEYOND THE MILKY WAY	GEORGE ELLERY HALE	276
Illustrations from photographs.		
BIOLOGICAL ANTECEDENTS OF JESUS, THE	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON	53
BIRTH OF TWO IDEAS, THE—WHAT THEY DO FOR US TO-DAY	R. A. MILLIKAN	555
BOATS TO BUILD, ALL THE	EDWARD SHENTON	545
BOK, EDWARD W. { <i>Does a Nightingale Really Sing?</i>		373
{ <i>"Where Can I Find the Rules for Success?"</i>		614
BOYD, THOMAS. <i>The Salt of the Earth</i>		125
BROOKS, GEORGE S. <i>The Pipe Major</i>		193
BURLINGAME, ROGER. <i>Jacinth</i>		394
BURT, STRUTHERS. <i>The Sense of Law</i>		187
BUST. See Stevenson's Only Bust from Life.		
CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL. <i>Travelling Intelligently in America</i>		217
CANDLELIGHT INN. (A STORY)	VALMA CLARK	513
Illustrations by Hamilton Fyfe.		
CHILD. See "Train Up a Child."		
CHRISTMAS-TREE, THE LONESOME	MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN	646
CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT. <i>The Scallop Dredgers</i>		523
CITIES. See The Sifting Power of Cities.		
CLARK, VALMA { <i>Candlelight Inn</i>		513
{ <i>The Director's Brother</i>		162
CLUB. See The Ex-Cradle-Rocker and Her Club.		
COLLEGE. See { <i>The Disappearing Personal Touch in Colleges.</i>		
{ <i>The Morals of College Journalism.</i>		
{ <i>On the Summer-School Campus.</i>		
{ <i>As the Professor Sees the Game.</i>		

COOKE. <i>See</i> Three Madmen of the Theatre.	
CORTISSOZ, ROYAL. The Field of Art. (Department)	105, 232, 344, 456, 569, 696
COUNTRY DOCTOR. <i>See</i> Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book.	
COUNTRY STORE. <i>See</i> The Passing of the Country Store.	
CRIME. <i>See</i> { Old Adam. Rubber-Stamp Parole.	
CROSS, THE. (A STORY)	KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL 594
Illustrations by George Wright.	
CROSSING THE LINE WITH PERSHING	JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. 115
Illustrations by the Author.	
DARNELL, THEODORE WESLEY. <i>Is the Minister a Student?</i>	501
DASHIELL, ALFRED S. <i>A Serious Young Man</i>	497
DAVIES, ARTHUR B. <i>See</i> The Field of Art.	
DAVIS, MARY LEE. <i>The Social Arctic Circle</i>	66
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING	FREDERICK PALMER 472
DAWES, TWO SOULS AT WAR IN GENERAL	SILAS BENT 617
DETECTIVE NOVEL, THE	WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT 532
DEXTER, BYRON. <i>Harold Hires a Band</i>	301
DIRECTOR'S BROTHER, THE. (A STORY)	VALMA CLARK 162
Illustrations by Douglas Ryan.	
DISAPPEARING PERSONAL TOUCH IN COLLEGES, THE	CLARENCE C. LITTLE 465
DOCTOR. <i>See</i> { Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book. How to Deal with the Doctor.	
DOES A NIGHTINGALE REALLY SING?	EDWARD W. BOK 373
Illustrations from photographs.	
DOGS. <i>See</i> { My Old Dog Tramp. The Reasoning Faculty in Dogs.	
DOWNEY, FAIRFAX. <i>Bathtubs, Early Americana</i>	440
DUST AND BELLS. (A STORY)	WALTER GILKYSOON 87
Illustrations by Edward Shenton.	
EDMONDS, WALTER. <i>The End of the Tow-Path</i>	45
END OF THE TOW-PATH, THE. (A STORY)	WALTER EDMONDS 45
Illustrations by Lucius Hitchcock.	
ENGLAND, THE PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF. <i>See</i> The Field of Art.	
EQUATOR. <i>See</i> Crossing the Line with Pershing.	
ETERNALLY FEMININE MIND, THE	HENRY C. MCCOMAS 428
EUGENE O'NEILL, POET AND MYSTIC	ARTHUR H. QUINN 368
Illustration (Frontispiece) from the bust by Edmond Quinn.	
EX-CRADLE-ROCKER AND HER CLUB, THE	WHITING WILLIAMS 539
EXIT MAMMY	MALCOLM VAUGHAN 405
Illustrations by Kerr Eby.	
"EXTRA! EXTRA!" (A STORY)	ROBERT E. SHERWOOD 39
Illustrations by Clive Weed.	
FEMININE MIND, THE ETERNALLY	HENRY C. MCCOMAS 428
FIELD OF ART, THE. (Department.) Illustrated.	ROYAL CORTISSOZ
Hogarth as Moralist and Painter	105
The Significance of Ingres in America	232
The Sons of No Man's Land—Arthur B. Davies	344
A Friend of Sargent's, Antonio Mancini	456
A Beautiful Monument to Gilbert Stuart	569
The Private Collections of England	696

CONTENTS

V

PAGE

FINLEY, WILLIAM L. AND IRENE. <i>Mammals on the Mountain-Tops</i>	433
F MINOR AND MAUVE	ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE 507, 681
FOOTBALL. <i>See As the Professor Sees the Game.</i>	
GALSWORTHY, JOHN { <i>Passing By</i>	579
{ <i>The Silver Spoon.</i> (SERIAL)	76, 179
(<i>See also Vols. LXXVIII and LXXIX.</i>)	
GILKYSOON, WALTER. <i>Dust and Bells</i>	87
GOVERNOR AL SMITH, A PERSONAL PORTRAIT OF JAMES KERNEY	243
GRANDFATHER McGEHEE'S WEDDING, MY	STARK YOUNG 210
GRANT, GORDON. <i>The Last of the Windjammers</i>	33
HALE, GEORGE ELLERY. <i>Beyond the Milky Way</i>	276
HAMILTON, J. G. DE ROULHAC. <i>The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise</i>	325
HAROLD HIRES A BAND. (A STORY)	BYRON DEXTER 301
Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff.	
HINES, HARLAN C. "Train Up a Child"	251
HOGARTH. <i>See The Field of Art.</i>	
HOPWOOD, E. C. <i>The Morals of College Journalism</i>	172
HORSE. <i>See Smoky—A One-Man Horse.</i>	
HOW TO DEAL WITH THE DOCTOR	HARRISON RHODES 331
HUNTINGTON, ELLSWORTH { <i>The Biological Antecedents of Jesus</i>	53
{ <i>The Sifting Power of Cities</i>	316
HUSTON, MCCREADY. <i>The Lamp</i>	671
HUTCHINSON, ALLEN. <i>Stevenson's Only Bust from Life</i>	140
INDEPENDENCE, THE SPIRIT OF	ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN 17
INGRES. <i>See The Field of Art.</i>	
IS THE MINISTER A STUDENT?	THEODORE WESLEY DARNELL 501
JACINTH. (A STORY)	ROGER BURLINGAME 394
Illustrations by Harold T. Denison.	
JAMES, WILL. <i>Smoky—A One-Man Horse</i>	3
JESUS. <i>See The Biological Antecedents of Jesus.</i>	
JOURNALISM. <i>See The Morals of College Journalism.</i>	
KEAN. <i>See Three Madmen of the Theatre.</i>	
KENYON, BERNICE { <i>A Man's Work</i>	420
{ <i>The Riviera Road</i>	133
KERNEY, JAMES. <i>A Personal Portrait of Governor Al Smith</i>	243
LAMP, THE. (A STORY)	MCCREADY HUSTON 671
Illustrations by Arthur Dove.	
LAST OF THE WINDJAMMERS, THE.	GORDON GRANT 33
Illustrations by the Author.	
LAW, THE SENSE OF	STREUTHERS BURT 157
LEAVES FROM A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK. (STORIES.)	N. D. MARBAKER 381, 488
Illustrations by George Wright.	
LETTERS. <i>See { The Spirit of Independence.</i>	
{ <i>When the Bough Breaks.</i>	
LITTLE, CLARENCE C. <i>The Disappearing Personal Touch in Colleges</i>	465
LONESOME CHRISTMAS-TREE, THE. (A STORY)	MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN 646
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.	
MCCOMAS, HENRY C. <i>The Eternally Feminine Mind</i>	428
McLEAN, MARGHARITE FISHER. <i>The Lonesome Christmas-Tree</i>	646

	PAGE
MADMEN OF THE THEATRE, THREE	OTIS SKINNER . . . 478, 622
MAMMALS ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS	WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY . . . 433
Illustrations from photographs by the Authors.	
MAMMY, EXIT	MALCOLM VAUGHAN . . . 405
MANCINI. <i>See</i> The Field of Art.	
MAN'S WORK, A. (A STORY)	BERNICE KENYON . . . 420
Illustrations by Charles Baskerville, Jr.	
MARBAKER, N. D. { <i>Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book</i>	381
{ <i>More Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book</i>	488
MARKS, PERCY. <i>Powdered Wings</i>	259
MASON, ARTHUR. <i>Back to Ballywooden</i>	657
MEN ONLY	ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING . . . 292
MERRILL, KENNETH GRIGGS. <i>The Cross</i>	594
MILKY WAY. <i>See</i> Beyond the Milky Way.	
MILLIKAN, R. A. <i>The Birth of Two Ideas</i>	555
MINISTER. <i>See</i> Is the Minister a Student?	
MORALS OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM, THE	E. C. HOPWOOD . . . 172
MORE LEAVES FROM A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK. (STORIES)	N. D. MARBAKER . . . 488
Illustrations by George Wright.	
MOUNTAIN-TOPS, MAMMALS ON THE	WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY . . . 433
MOYER-WING, ALICE CURTICE. <i>Men Only</i>	292
MY GRANDFATHER McGEHEE'S WEDDING. (A STORY)	STARK YOUNG . . . 210
MY OLD DOG TRAMP. (A STORY)	MAX BENTLEY . . . 202
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.	
NEGRO. <i>See</i> { <i>Exit Mammy.</i> { <i>The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.</i> { <i>Singing Soldiers.</i>	
NIGHTINGALE. <i>See</i> Does a Nightingale Really Sing?	
NILES, JOHN J. <i>Singing Soldiers</i>	662
NOTT, CHARLES C., JR. <i>Old Adam</i>	686
OLD ADAM—THE CRIMINAL IS NATURAL MAN	CHARLES C. NOTT, JR. . . 686
O'NEILL, EUGENE, POET AND MYSTIC	ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN . . 368
ON THE SUMMER-SCHOOL CAMPUS.	RAYMOND WALTERS . . . 60
PADRE AMBROSIOUS	LEIGHTON PARKS . . . 609
PALMER, FREDERICK. <i>Richard Harding Davis</i>	472
PARKS, LEIGHTON. <i>Padre Ambrosius</i>	609
PAROLE. <i>See</i> Rubber-Stamp Parole.	
PASSING BY. (A STORY)	JOHN GALSWORTHY . . . 579
PASSING OF THE COUNTRY STORE, THE	WILL ROSE . . . 362
PERSHING, CROSSING THE LINE WITH	JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. . . 115
PERSONAL PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR AL SMITH, A Illustration (Frontispiece) from a photograph.	JAMES KERNEY . . . 243
PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON. <i>As I Like It.</i> (Department)	97, 224, 337, 445, 561, 689
PHYSICS. <i>See</i> The Birth of Two Ideas.	
PIPE MAJOR, THE. (A STORY)	GEORGE S. BROOKS . . . 193
Illustrations by George Van Werveke.	
PLEIADES, THE SWEET INFLUENCE OF THE	HENRY VAN DYKE . . . 270
POWDERED WINGS. (A STORY)	PERCY MARKS . . . 259
Illustrations by Ethel Plummer.	
PRELUDE TO SUPPER. (A STORY)	HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS . . 311
Illustrations by S. Ivanowski.	
PROFESSOR, AN ASSISTANT. <i>As the Professor Sees the Game</i>	356
QUINN, ARTHUR HOBSON { <i>Eugene O'Neill, Poet and Mystic</i>	368
{ <i>The Spirit of Independence</i>	17

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
REASONING FACULTY IN DOGS, THE J. RANKEN TOWSE	415
RHODES, HARRISON. <i>How to Deal with the Doctor</i>	331
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS FREDERICK PALMER	472
Illustration (Frontispiece) from a photograph.	
RIVIERA ROAD, THE. (A STORY) BERNICE KENTON	133
Illustrations by Edward Shenton.	
ROSE, WILL. <i>The Passing of the Country Store</i>	362
RUBBER-STAMP PAROLE—ITS EFFECT ON CRIME BOYDEN SPARKES	24
SALT OF THE EARTH, THE. (A STORY) THOMAS BOYD	125
Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldrige.	
SARGENT. <i>See</i> The Field of Art.	
SCALLOP DREDGERS, THE THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB	523
Illustrations by Nelson C. White.	
SENSE OF LAW, THE STRUTHERS BURT	157
SERIOUS YOUNG MAN, A ALFRED S. DASHIELL	497
Decorations by W. Fletcher White.	
SHENTON, EDWARD. <i>All the Boats to Build!</i>	545
SHERWOOD, ROBERT E. "Extra! Extra!"	39
SIFTING POWER OF CITIES, THE ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON	316
SILVER SPOON, THE. (SERIAL.) Part III, Chapters VI-XII JOHN GALSWORTHY	76, 179
(<i>See also</i> Vols. LXXVIII and LXXIX.)	
SINGING SOLDIERS—SOME NEGRO SONGS OF THE WORLD WAR JOHN J. NILES	662
(<i>See also</i> Vol. LXXXI.)	
SKINNER, OTIS. <i>Three Madmen of the Theatre</i>	478, 622
SMITH, A PERSONAL PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR AL JAMES KERNEY	243
SMOKY—A ONE-MAN HORSE—Gone Bad WILL JAMES	3
Illustrations by the Author.	
(<i>See also</i> Vol. LXXIX.)	
SOCIAL ARCTIC CIRCLE, THE MARY LEE DAVIS	66
Illustrations from photographs.	
SOLDIERS, SINGING JOHN J. NILES	662
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE, THE J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON	325
Decorations by Margaret Freeman.	
SPARKES, BOYDEN. <i>Rubber-Stamp Parole</i>	24
SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE, THE—AS REVEALED IN THE LETTERS OF THE TIME (1776) ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN	17
STEVENSON'S ONLY BUST FROM LIFE—RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SITTINGS AT WAIKIKI ALLEN HUTCHINSON	140
Illustrations from the Bust by Mr. Hutchinson.	
STRANGER WOMAN, THE. (A STORY) HARRIET WELLES	602
Illustrations by John W. Thomason, Jr.	
STUART, GILBERT. <i>See</i> The Field of Art.	
SUCCESS. <i>See</i> "Where Can I Find the Rules for Success?"	
SUMMER-SCHOOL CAMPUS, ON THE RAYMOND WALTERS	60
SUPPER, PRELUDE TO HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS	311
SWEET INFLUENCE OF THE PLEIADES, THE. (A STORY) HENRY VAN DYKE	270
Illustration by Ralph L. Boyer.	
THEATRE. <i>See</i> Three Madmen of the Theatre.	
THOMASON, JOHN W., JR. <i>Crossing the Line with Pershing</i>	115
THREE MADMEN OF THE THEATRE OTIS SKINNER	
Cooke	478
Kean	622
Illustrations from paintings and engravings.	
(<i>See also</i> Vol. LXXXI.)	
TORGERSON, EDWIN DIAL. <i>When the Bough Breaks</i>	634
TOW-PATH, THE END OF THE WALTER EDMONDS	45
TOWSE, J. RANKEN. <i>The Reasoning Faculty in Dogs</i>	415
"TRAIN UP A CHILD" HARLAN C. HINES	251
Sketches by Ruth Ann Wilbur Hines	

	PAGE
TRAVELLING INTELLIGENTLY IN AMERICA . . .	HENRY SEIDEL CANBY . . . 217
TRIUMPH OF APPLESAUCE, THE . . .	HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON . . . 353
TROWBRIDGE, ELIZABETH. <i>F Minor and Maure</i> 507, 681
TWO IDEAS, THE BIRTH OF . . .	R. A. MILLIKAN . . . 555
TWO SOULS AT WAR IN GENERAL DAWES . . .	SILAS BENT . . . 617
VAN DYKE, HENRY { <i>A Wilful Andromeda</i> 143
<i>The Sweet Influence of the Pleiades</i> 270
VAN LOON, HENDRIK WILLEM. <i>The Triumph of Applesauce</i> 353
VAUGHAN, MALCOLM. <i>Exit Mammy</i> 405
WALTERS, RAYMOND. <i>On the Summer-School Campus</i> 60
WEDDING, MY GRANDFATHER McGEHEE'S . . .	STARK YOUNG . . . 210
WELLES, HARRIET. <i>The Stranger Woman</i> 602
WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS—LETTERS OF A BOURGEOIS GRANDFATHER. (A STORY) . . .	EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON . . . 634
Illustrations by Margaret Freeman.	
'WHERE CAN I FIND THE RULES FOR SUCCESS?'	EDWARD W. BOK . . . 614
WILFUL ANDROMEDA, A. (A STORY) . . .	HENRY VAN DYKE . . . 143
Illustrations by Reginald Birch.	
WILLIAMS, HENRY MEADE. <i>Prelude to Supper</i> 311
WILLIAMS, WHITING. <i>The Ex-Cradle-Rocker and Her Club</i> 539
WINDJAMMERS, THE LAST OF THE . . .	GORDON GRANT . . . 33
WRIGHT, WILLARD HUNTINGTON. <i>The Detective Novel</i> 532
YOUNG, STARK. <i>My Grandfather McGehee's Wedding</i> 210
YOUNG MAN, A SERIOUS . . .	ALFRED S. DASHIELL . . . 497

POETRY

	PAGE
THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD . . .	FRANCES R. ANGUS . . . 560
OPEN HIGHWAYS . . .	ALFRED MITCHELL BINGHAM . . . 532
FOUR WALLS . . .	STRUTHERS BURT . . . 324
THE AUTUMN WEAVER . . .	JAMES B. CARRINGTON . . . 427
THE HONEY-MOONERS . . .	KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN . . . 645
BOY READING . . .	JOHN JAY CHAPMAN . . . 178
DRUMS . . .	HELEN CHOATE . . . 670
HOMETOWN . . .	BADGER CLARK . . . 444
SONGS OF A CITY . . .	OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN . . . 335
FOR YOUTH . . .	WINIFRED DAVIDSON . . . 209
THE POET'S WIFE . . .	ELIZABETH DILLINGHAM . . . 471
HIGH MOMENTS . . .	LOUIS DODGE . . . 586
MISSO LONGHI . . .	JOHN FINLEY . . . 477
ONE MOON . . .	JOHN FINLEY . . . 655
WHEN FALSTAFF MET THE WIFE OF BATH . . .	ARTHUR GUITERMAN . . . 554
THE HARVEST HAND . . .	GWENDOLEN HASTE . . . 16
IMPERISHABLE . . .	WILLIAM H. HAYNE . . . 32
IN THE ANTEROOM . . .	ELIAS LIEBERMAN . . . 171
EXIT . . .	WILSON MACDONALD . . . 223
KINGS' COLOR . . .	ELIZABETH MORROW . . . 139
THIS PINE-TREE . . .	ELIZABETH MORROW . . . 656
Decoration by Henry Pitz.	
KATAHDIN . . .	JOHN RICHARDS . . . 52
I SHALL REMEMBER . . .	ODELL SHEPARD . . . 496
WEALTH . . .	CHARLES HANSON TOWNE . . . 124
CIRCUMFERENCES . . .	MARK VAN DOREN . . . 300
ON JACK'S REMEMBRANCE OF ME . . .	GEORGE MEASON WHICHER . . . 367
ALOOF . . .	BARBARA YOUNG . . . 372

4
5
7
8
0
3
5
0
0
2
4
4
43
11
39
33
32
10
97

AGE
560
552
324
427

645
178
670
444
335
209
471
586
477
655
554
16
32
171
223
139
656

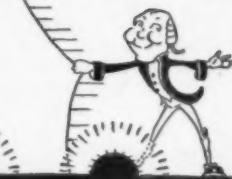
52
496
124
300
367
372



Arctic
newspaper
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thing
residents
is the
was s
Experi
Alaska
Davis
Alaska
in the
Mrs
"God"
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Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors



HE glorious Fourth approaches, so we give you a view of Mary Lee Davis in parka and mukluks (whatever they are) "looking," as she says, "as much like a blonde Eskimo as possible." Do you feel the breeze from the

Arctic? You've read reams in the newspapers about people who are flying about in the north this year, but this is a rare chance to read something from the pen of one who was a resident of long standing. Mrs. Davis is the wife of John Allen Davis who was superintendent of the Mining Experiment Station at Fairbanks, Alaska, for six years. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have lately come out from Alaska and are at present somewhere in the United States proper.

Mrs. Davis's first article on Alaska, "God's Pocket," published two years ago, achieved an extraordinary success. She received within a few months more than a hundred letters from women, asking for more information about Alaska and the possibilities of living there. Two of these appear in "What You Think About It." Only the other day Mrs. Davis showed us another letter, written two years after the article was published. These letters present a whole cross-section of human nature, and in constructing this article to answer many of the questions asked her, Mrs. Davis has written a story of living interest.

There are many aspects of the arctic region which are distinct improvements over the routine in more temperate zones. Fancy attending a ball game at midnight and being able to play tennis at any hour of the twenty-four. Imagine the digestive delights of whole piles of mince pie resting in natural cold storage, and the pleasure of being your own butcher. And consider the delights of such expected unusual things as the "spring scandal," and the day of the breaking of the ice, when some one wins a fortune.

Will James leads this number with the last of his "Smoky" stories. What would you have given to be present at a dinner in New York last winter during which James drew pictures for the guests?

The cowboy doesn't stay in one spot long. He went from New York to California, stayed at Carmel a while, was later reported at Hollywood, and is now in Burns, Oregon.

Speaking of the Fourth of July (no, we're not going to pull a wheeze about Sparkes), Arthur Hobson Quinn gives us an interesting picture of what people talked about in letters around the time the Fourth of July was made a national holiday because the Declaration of Independence was not signed on that day. (At least that's the apparent reason according to latest historical discoveries.)

Doctor Quinn is also an authority on the American theatre. Our old friends will recall his interpretive articles on current theatrical seasons a few years ago. We hold a more delicious morsel in store. Dean Quinn (he used to be Dean of the College Faculty at the University of Pennsylvania, and is still a professor there) has written an exceedingly revealing article on Eugene O'Neill which will appear in an early number. He reprints in it a letter from O'Neill which might well be termed a biography of his spirit.



Mary Lee Davis

Boyden Sparkes, commissioned by us to investigate the parole system and the effect of indeterminate sentences,

throws the confirming light of facts on statements made by Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., in "Coddling Criminals," in the May number. Judge Nott and Mr. Sparkes worked entirely independently, neither knowing that the other was doing an article on the subject. Mr. Sparkes had a tough assignment, for the parole situation is tremendously complicated, but he has probed to the bottom of it and shows us real facts. Sparkes was formerly on the staff of the New York *Tribune*. He was with President Harding practically the entire time between his nomination and his ill-fated trip to Alaska. When Harding died, Mr. Sparkes was on a vacation in New England and was bidden by his paper to speed across country and cover the swearing-in of President Coolidge. He couldn't get out of the way of national events even by taking a

vacation with a continent between him and the President.

Ellsworth Huntington's striking article tells why Jesus was a Jew. It is not a rehash of the "begat" chapter of Matthew, but it gives a most interesting theory as to why this hitherto insignificant people should produce a messiah. Doctor Huntington puts much new interest into biblical history and makes the story of Jesus' background modern and alive.



From a photograph by Ellis

Walter Gilkyson

Incidentally, this article caused the Scene Shifter to look at the Bible with a fresh eye. What poetry there is in that book! How interesting it becomes when read for itself with the fog of controversy and dogma blown away.

Doctor Huntington is research associate at Yale and a great authority on climate and natural selection.

Many of us think of summer schools as huge educational mills enabling teachers to get certain necessary units and undergraduates to make up work in which they failed, but Raymond Walters has made the picture human. He shows what Elizabeth Smith, pathetically earnest, and Royal T. Jones, oldish young man, do. He has pictured the vastness and the importance of summer schools and he has found the individuals beneath the system. Mr. Walters is dean of Swarthmore College and associate editor of *School and Society*.

If the sea and ships mean anything to you, if the tales of Conrad cause a stir in you, Gordon Grant's pictures of the last of the old windjammers and his story of their departed glory will draw forth a sigh of pleasure and regret. Grant is a salty artist whose work convinces us that a trip across the continent to see the windjammers go bowling through the Golden Gate would be an eminently worth-while journey.

Robert Sherwood, author of "Extra! Extra!" is also "Bob Sherwood of *Life*." Although he edits one of our leading humorous weeklies, Mr. Sherwood is only thirty. He enlisted in the famous Black Watch regiment in 1917 and was gassed at Arras and wounded at Amiens. He graduated from Harvard in 1918.

Walter Edmonds is also a Harvard man of an even more recent vintage. He will be a graduate of some ten days' standing when his story appears. He made the board of *The Harvard Advocate* early in his college career and has written a great deal for that magazine but this is his first story to appear in a general periodical.

Walter Gilkyson has given up the practice of law in favor of literature. He is now in France and will join forces with Struthers Burt during a part of the summer. He will return to this country in the autumn with a new novel. The effective illustrations for "Dust and Bells" are by Edward Shenton, a third member of the Philadelphia school. Shenton has just written a remarkably fine story called "All the Boats to Build!" which will appear in an early number.

Gwendolyn Haste wrote "The Harvest Hand" while living in Billings, Mont. She is now in New York. William Hamilton Hayne is one of the best known of southern poets. He lives in Augusta, Ga. John Richards is a teacher at St. Paul's School, Concord. His poem "Katahdin" brings to mind Walter Prichard Eaton's lovely record of "The Lord of the Wilderness," published last July.



Robert E. Sherwood

William Lyon Phelps's department is becoming a forum for the discussion of the American language as well as a fount of stimulation. We wish we could print all the letters we receive about Doctor Phelps's genial writings.

Hogarth is the example par excellence of the painter whose pictures tell a story. Therefore he is anathema to the modernists. Royal Cortissoz shows us what an innovator Hogarth was in his day and how wonderfully his pictures have stood the test of time.

Alexander Dana Noyes graduated from Amherst in 1883 and received an honorary LL.D. from that institution in 1920. He has lectured on economics at Harvard, the University of Illinois, and New York University. He is the author of "Financial Chapters of the War" and numerous other books and monographs on the financial question. His "The Financial Situation" is recognized everywhere as a most authoritative survey done with unusual insight.

Regretfully do we see the end of "The Silver Spoon" coming, yet eagerly do we watch the development of the story. The dramatic end of the trial comes in this number and the end of the story next month. For a summary of the story to date we refer you to the June number.

Have Scribner's follow you on your vacation.

To have your address changed, send your summer address, and be sure to send your present address with it, to the Circulation Manager, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



What you think about it

WE can't give you a lot of pyrotechnics this month, although some one signing himself only "An Ex-Service Man" did call us an "English Cur" for our remarks on St. Patrick's Day, which were in no wise intended as a slur on Ireland's patron saint or on his holy day. But there is a friendly, conversational quality about the many letters that have come to us recently. So many of our articles have struck a responsive, rather than a controversial, chord.

Mary Lee Davis, whose article "The Social Arctic Circle" appears in this number, is still receiving letters from people about "God's Pocket." The tone of them is well illustrated by this from a woman in Paisley, Ore.:

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

Your article which appeared in SCRIBNER'S nearly a year ago has, by a divine accident, just reached us—my husband and me. And I find that I have the temerity, tonight, to write to you and trouble you with our personal queries in regard to Alaska, the land of our dreams.

First, I must introduce us. My husband is thirty-two years old, an ex-athlete of really remarkable vigor, I think. After college graduation he farmed for four years and was forced out of it by the bad times and his lack of capital. Since then he has been teaching in that eastern part of Oregon which is styled "the last of the old frontier." He is of the stock of '49, loves the big open country and has wanted to go to Alaska for years.

I myself am three years younger, not so strong as he, though we think my troubles would not be accentuated by the cold. I love the frontier spirit, too, though the hardships are harder for me and I confess to missing the concerts and theatre and wanting to get back to them oftener than he. Do you not think women do?

We have two vigorous children. Our little girl is finishing her first year in school, our little boy his first year in life.

Now—! Do you think we need fear the cold for the health of the children? (All climates of course have drawbacks.) Are there good doctors, nurses, and so on in the larger towns? Is there any considerable group who could furnish cultural companionship? How high is living cost compared with that in the west? Perhaps you could mention house rental and the cost of some standard foods and clothing. Can you tell me the approximate salary of High School principal or town superintendent? Our idea is to try to secure such a position as soon as our capital is free, which will be in a few months, we hope, depending on sale of land, and then, after some residence in Alaska, for my husband either to take a ranch or enter some other form of outdoor enterprise as conditions there seem to offer the best opportunities to him. Does this plan appeal to you as practical? How could we best go about it as total strangers to find such a position?

We shall indeed appreciate a reply. The demands of such a questionnaire can only be excused through your expressed love for Alaska and your call for "allies and companions."

A STENOGRAPHER ASKS

Here's another, equally human, from Washington, D. C.

MY COUNTRYMAN IN THE NORTHWEST:

The writer has read with deep interest today your article entitled "God's Pocket" which appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE June 1924, and desires to express her appreciation of the story.

The closing paragraph has put into action a thought which long ago came to mind, namely: to go to Alaska. This together with the "Race with Death" to Nome recently to rescue the town from diphtheria has deepened my interest in the country.

Consequently, I am taking the liberty of writing to you to ask if there are any means of livelihood for a stenographer there. I am at present connected with the Government here

in Washington and could undoubtedly be transferred to Alaska if there are any positions available. Any information you could give me in this matter will be greatly appreciated. Again congratulating you on your gripping story, "God's Pocket," I am, etc.

ALASKAN EDITOR

Both these letters are outside looking in. W. F. Thompson, editor of the Fairbanks, Alaska, *News-Miner*, says of "God's Pocket":

We are more than pleased to state that it is the best story on Alaska-as-it-is we have ever seen in print. We read it critically for flaws, as is the habit of Alaskans whenever they run against a story of Alaska, and we could not find a thing in it that a possible exception could be taken to. After 26 years experience in Alaska and with Alaska writers, having been asked to handle the first Service manuscript and having been in touch in person or by their writings with the men who have attempted to handle Alaska as a subject, we are here to state that our townsman has registered in, thru SCRIBNER'S, with the most valuable article on Alaska we ever saw in print.

REAL KITCHEN IN WELLSBORO

Will Rose lost the race for the State Senatorial nomination, breathed a sigh of mingled relief and regret, and went back to work. Here's a letter on the customs of the country which he sent us:

MY DEAR MR. ROSE:

That subtle touch in your May article about keeping your fork for the pie! You are a true dweller in the R. F. D. "You may lick, you may clatter, the fork as you will, but the gravy upon it will cling to it still" (With apologies to Tom Moore). Where I live, cooking is not yet a lost art. "Venango River" sounds like Franklin, Warren, *et al.* (I used to live in Erie), but here in Wellsboro we still get Fresh Coconut Cake "on the hoof," so to speak—and Chocolate Cake made with sour cream, and hot biscuits and rolls that rise and burst into bloom in our own hot beds! You come along with the other husbands (or aren't you one?) to dinner when our Auction Bridge Club meets, and see if your gastronomic dreams don't materialize on your plate!

SARAH LEBLING WILLIAMS.

Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pennsylvania.

NOMINATES JUDGE NOTT

Mary Elizabeth Johnson, librarian of the Carnegie Public Library at Washington Court House, Ohio, writes us about an imperfect copy of the May number and says:

Really, the Book Store which handles our subscription would no doubt exchange it for us. I merely wanted an excuse to tell SCRIBNER'S how much I enjoy them, every month.

"Coddling Criminals" is the most to-the-point statement I have seen. Sorry Judge Nott can not be made an omnipotent head of all the penal institutions of the United States, plus the many new ones which we need to house criminals now at large.

My impulse to add to your heavily burdened mail was strengthened by reading the letter from another Ohioan, appreciative of William Lyon Phelps. It is such a pleasure to agree. I liked being a little girl, I like to be a grown woman, and the only desire I ever had to be otherwise comes from the consequent impossibility of being a college man, in one of Professor Phelps's classes of English Literature. He says he is a teacher of English Literature. His correspondent, Mr. Bicknell, I think, is correct, too, in that he teaches English. Or, to be more definite, he teaches.

Thank you for giving us the opportunity to learn of him and to enjoy him, through your magazine.

Big Fiction Number

Next Month

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

leads with

"Crossing the Line with Pershing"

Stories

My Grandfather McGhee's Wedding, by Stark Young

The Pipe Major, by George S. Brooks

The Salt of the Earth, by Thomas Boyd

The Director's Brother, by Valma Clark

A Wilful Andromeda, by Henry van Dyke

The Riviera Road, by Bernice Kenyon

The Sense of Law, by Struthers Burt

My Old Dog Tramp, by Max Bentley

The Morals of College Journalism, by Eric Hopwood

Stevenson's Only Bust from Life, by Allan Hutchinson

Final Chapters of "The Silver Spoon"
Galsworthy's New Novel

We have received from soft-hearted people occasional intimations that Judge Nott in his two articles, "The Juror's Part in Crime" and "Coddling Criminals," advocates machine-like severity. Here is a remarkable bit which appeared in the New York *World* several months ago:

COURT'S "SQUARE DEAL" BRINGS JOY AND FREEDOM TO CONVICTED CROOK

George Titus, forty-four, confessed thief and confidence man for more than twenty years, squirmed yesterday in his seat in the prisoner's dock in the Court of General Sessions. A week before he had been convicted by a jury of grand larceny in the second degree. With his record he could be sentenced to prison for life as an habitual criminal.

Slowly the bent figure shuffled to the bar to hear Judge Nott pronounce sentence. He looked at the floor, his left shoulder a trifle raised as if to ward off a blow.

"Titus," began the Court. Titus seemed to waver. The long sentence was coming. "Despite the verdict of the jury," the Court went on, "I am convinced, and District Attorney Banton is convinced that you are innocent."

Amazement stole over the prisoner's features.

"We know," continued the Court, "you could not have taken part in the crime charged against you and that you were convicted solely on your long criminal record. You are discharged."

Titus was staggered. Then, with a sudden jerk of his body, he came to life. The portent of the Court's statement dawned upon him.

Slowly he gained control of his voice and quavered:

"Judge, I thank you and the District Attorney and everybody who has helped me. I have been a crook since 1905. I have been in many prisons, but this is the first time I ever got a square deal or ever faced a Judge and District Attorney not bent on railroad me. I have found friends where I never expected to find them, and I'm at the end of a crooked road. Hereafter I'm going straight."

Investigation by Judge Nott and District Attorney Banton showed Titus could not have committed the gambling

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swindle of which he stood convicted. He was in Detroit at the time.

The *Hartford Courant* calls "Coddling Criminals" "so sane, so logical, so filled with wisdom and good sense that we regret the impossibility of reprinting all of it in these columns."

CRITICAL CREDO APPLAUDED

It's delightful to find an essay upon pure literature received with so much enthusiasm as was Mary Colum's "A Critical Credo," in the April number. William Lyon Phelps proclaims it from his "As I Like It" for June. Here is a letter received about it:

DEAR EDITOR: I am writing to thank you and Mrs. Colum for the keen pleasure my mother and I have had in reading "A Critical Credo" in the April SCRIBNER'S.

"Significant mind and significant material, their conflict with each other, their relation to each other—these, I maintain, make the only hard and fast criterions of literature."

How true and how sympathetic that is! The range of the author's scholarship and imaginative perception—her discernment concerning the true values and the passing vogues of "the literary methodists," and her understanding of emotional power—these and many other elements of "Truth and Poetry" in her essay make it all a thing of unusually rich distinction and delight.

With warm appreciation,
EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

The *New York Times* says of the tendency of the younger critics to make lists of authors:

All this business of classification is not inevitably an arranging of dried symbols. Sometimes a critic brings to the task such juicy vitality as makes even this dusty labor hearty and warm. Mary Colum in the current SCRIBNER'S has indulged in a little list-making, but she has not squeezed the blood of life from her authors.

The *Times* writer inclines to differ with her slightly on Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, yet says: "But at least in this manner of sorting out authors there is stimulation."

Stuart P. Sherman says in his review of "The Mauve Decade" in *Books*:

In the midst of our immense "literary production," the secret of extracting the gold from our plentiful ore is rare. It is to be understood that I use literature here in the restricted sense which Mary Colum—an acute and exacting critic—gives to it in the April SCRIBNER'S when she tells us that "literature is determined by the conflict of significant mind

with significant material." In the field of American letters she finds few minds at work which are "significant" in her sense. But she continues hopefully, "Although there are relatively few who can use it, America at the present day almost certainly supplies significant material."

HERE AND THERE

John Hays Hammond, recently honored by dinners all over the country commemorating his seventy-first birthday, gave ship news reporters his recipe for youth on his return from Europe: "I sleep when I like, I work as long as I like, drink and smoke when I like, and worry always; but don't tell this to any of the old boys, or they will try it and get into trouble."

We walk west on leaving the office in the afternoon, but we find it impossible to stare in clear and open-eyed wonder at the Jersey sunset. There's always a wad of dust ready to jump into any unguarded orb.

In reading manuscripts we often find pages cunningly stuck together, quite obviously for the purpose of verifying that well-established tenet among writers that manuscripts are never read—not, at least, beyond the first few pages.

And we always think of the story, that in various versions goes the editorial rounds, but which some of you may not have heard:

An editor received a very indignant letter from a feminine would-be contributor accusing him of not giving her manuscript a fair reading and citing as evidence that pages 22 and 23, which she had pasted together, had not been disturbed. A few days later, the literary lady received the following reply:

DEAR MADAM: Does one have to eat all of an apple to know it is rotten?

Despite the fact that many thousands of manuscripts come into this office every year, all of them receive consideration. Many of them are returned with regret, and the mere fact that they are returned is no criticism. It is the same gesture with which you turn down the third kind of dessert at Thanksgiving dinner. Limitations of space, you know. . . .

THE OBSERVER.



Alexander Dana Noyes

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Impressions from the General Federation Convention

THE long, narrow ballroom of the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, decorated as for a reception of nobility, arranged as for a meeting of a political party, resounding metallically with oratory and with keen thoughtful presentation of aspects of American life distilled through a microphone which stared speakers in the face and struck terror to the hearts of many not familiar with that peculiar form of torture.

Such might be a first impression of the convention hall of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, entered during a meeting. Such an impression would be correct and would show the appurtenances in accord with the spirit of the humanity which filled the hall. Much of the nobility of this country was gathered there. Political power of untold force was centered there, even though not allied with any party. The only incongruous element was the microphone and its effects.

It must be said that most of the oratory was unleashed by men and most of the keen thought was voiced by women. The whole Biennial Convention made triumph a feminine noun. One woman even had the daring and the wit to satirize the male speeches by translating them into terms of an address by a woman to an audience of men, paying glowing tribute to her father, her father-in-law, her husband, her sons, and all her other male relatives.

This writer's chief interest was the exhibit room, where were shown the real, the concrete, things which women in all parts of the country are doing. There it was made plain that these women are aroused, are working, and, what is more, are working practically. There was evidence of no illusory pursuit of abstract ideals. The keynote of the convention was "The American Home." These exhibits showed women how international co-operation affects the home; how art, how literature, how citizenship, and the education of aliens affects the home. They showed what work is being done in child health, in permitting woman to be relieved of drudgery, and to realize her highest possibilities.

From May 25 to June 4 this convention continued marked by faithful attendance, perfect order, and a businesslike precision.

The convention adopted resolutions favoring practical courses of citizenship training in the public schools; rendering fullest aid to immigrants to prepare themselves for American citizenship; taking the post-office out of politics. It adopted a resolu-

tion favoring a federal minimum protective law to guard against the industrial exploitation of children; reiterated faith in the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law; favored uniform marriage and divorce laws, and endorsed the proposed establishment of a federal department of education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet. Some of these resolutions were stalwartly fought by advocates of "states' rights," led by the Louisville delegation. Other resolutions protested against the disfigurement of highways by billboards and the flooding of Superior National Forest by proposed dams for lumber and pulp mills. The convention even went so far as to adopt a resolution asking women not to go crazy on the subject of weight reduction.

The editor of this department had the privilege of talking with many of the leaders; with Mrs. John D. Sherman, re-elected president of the Federation, earnest, capable, executive; with Mrs. Lessie Stringfellow Read, chairman of the Department of Press and Publicity, alert, charming, and courteous; with Mrs. Nellie B. Miller, chairman of the Division of Literature, who is doing great work in showing the relation of literature to life; with Alice Ames Winter, past president, Chairman of the Department of International Relations; Mrs. W. R. Alvord, chairman of the Department of American Citizenship; with Mrs. Louise Hogan, editor, and Elise M. Mulliken, managing editor of *The Reader*, that most interesting and serviceable bulletin for women. Many others he talked with, and many others he wanted to talk with but didn't have the opportunity. This department will tell in early numbers of the interesting things some of these women are doing. They are records of adventure into realms which are most important in our national and family life.

"KNOW YOUR COURTS"

On the third day of the convention Mrs. Edward Franklin White, First Vice-President and Legal Advisor of the Federation, announced the launching of a survey through the clubs of the courts of the country. And again we take pleasure in pointing out in this issue "Rubber-Stamp Parole: Its Effect on Crime," by Boyden Sparkes, as well as the two articles by Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., listed last month, and particularly the human interest story of Judge Nott's court and comments on his article contained in "What You Think About It."

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THE SHRIMP GIRL.

From the painting by Hogarth in the National Gallery.

—See "The Field of Art," page 105.